

# HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"So do I," Law declared quietly. "He treated me like a hobo—sent me to the kitchen for a hand-out. That sticks. If I hadn't fanned down considerably these late years, I'd have—wound him up, right there."

From beneath his dropping lids Ellsworth regarded the Ranger curiously. "You have a bad temper, haven't you?"

"Rotten!"  
"I know. You were a violent boy. I've often wondered how you were getting along. How do you feel when you're—that way?"

It was the younger man's turn to hesitate. "Well, I don't feel anything when I'm mad," he confessed. "I'm plumb crazy, I guess. But I feel plenty bad afterwards."

There was a flicker of the judge's eyelids.

Dave went on musingly: "I dare say it's inherited. They tell me my father was the same. He was—a killer."

"Yes. He was all of that."

Dave lifted an abstracted gaze from the Pullman carpet. "I hardly know what I mean, Judge. But you've had hunches, haven't you? Didn't you ever know that something you thought was true wasn't true at all? Well, I never felt as if I had had blood in me. My mother was Mexican—"

"Spanish."

"All right. Am I Spanish? Have I any Spanish blood in me?"

"She didn't look Spanish. She was light-complexioned, for one thing. We both know plenty of people with a Latin strain in them who look like Anglo-Saxons. You were educated in the North, and your boyhood was spent at school and college, away from everything Mexican."

"That probably accounts for it," Law agreed; then his face lit with a slow smile. "By the way, don't tell Mrs. Austin that I'm a sort of college person. She thinks I'm a red-neck, and she sends me books."

Ellsworth laughed silently. "Your talk is to blame, Dave. Has she sent you 'The Swiss Family Robinson'?"

"No. Mostly good, sad romances with an uplift—stories full of lances at rest, and Willie-boys in tin snappers. The good women were always beautiful, too, and the villains never had a redeeming trait. It's a shame how human nature has got mixed up since then, isn't it?"

"Alaire Austin's romance is sadder than any of those novels."

Dave nodded. "But she doesn't cry about it." Then he asked gravely: "Why didn't she pick a real fellow who'd kneel and kiss the hem of her dress and make a man of himself?"

"What's the matter with you?" queried the judge. "Are you smitten with that girl?"

Dave laughed. "Maybe! Who wouldn't be? Why doesn't she divorce that bum—she could do it easy enough—and then marry a chap who could run Las Palmas for her?"

"A man about six feet three or four," he suggested the judge. "That's the picture I have in mind."

"You think you could run Las Palmas?"

"I wouldn't mind trying."

"You must never marry," Dave declared the older man. "You'd make a bad husband, Dave."

"She ought to know how to get along with a bad husband, by this time."

The judge's face broadened in a smile. "Thank heaven 'Young Ed' has the insides of a steel range, and so my pet client is safe from your mercenary schemes for some years."

## CHAPTER IX.

### Longorio Makes Bold.

At La Feria Alaire discovered that the federal depredations had been even greater than she had feared. Not only had the soldiers taken a great many head of cattle, but they had practically cleared the ranch of horses, leaving scarcely enough with which to carry on the work.

Life in the roomy, fortresslike adobe house was pleasant enough. Alaire welcomed the change in her daily life. Everything about La Feria was restfully un-American, from the house itself, with its bare walls and floors, its brilliantly flowering patio, and its primitive kitchen arrangements, to the black-shawled, barefooted Indian women and their naked children rolling in the dust. Even the timberless mountains that rose sheer from the westward plain into a tumbling purple-shadowed rampart were Mexican. La Feria was several miles from the railroad; therefore it could not have been more foreign had it lain in the very heart of Mexico rather than near the northern boundary.

In such surroundings, and in spite of faint misgivings, it was not strange that, after a few days, Alaire's unhappiness assumed a vaguely impersonal quality and that her life, for the moment, seemed not to be her own. Even the thought of her husband, Ed Austin,

## DAVE LAW ADMITS THAT HE IS SMITTEN WITH THE MISTRESS OF LAS PALMAS—MRS. AUSTIN HAS A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

**Synopsis.**—Mrs. Alaire Austin, handsome young mistress of Las Palmas ranch, lost in the Texas desert, wanders into the little camp of David Law, state ranger, lying in ambush for a Mexican murderer. She is forced to stay for 24 hours, until Law captures his man, kills another and escorts her home. "Young Ed" Austin, drunken wastrel, beats his wife and makes insulting insinuations about the ranger. Austin encounters Gen. Luis Longorio, Mexican federal, when she goes to La Feria, her ranch in Mexico, to collect war damages, and Longorio, a bad man, falls in love with her. Dave Law kills a cattle thief and suspects Ed Austin of criminal connections.

became indistinct and unreal. Then all too soon she realized that the purpose of her visit was accomplished, and that she had no excuse for remaining longer. She was now armed with sufficient facts to make a definite demand upon the federal government.

The homeward journey was a repetition of the journey out. Jose, as before, was newsgatherer. Hour after hour they crept toward the border, until at last they were again laid out on a siding for an indefinite wait.

The occasion for this was made plain when an engine drawing a single caboose appeared. Even before it had come to a pause, a tall figure in spotless uniform leaped to the ground and strode to the waiting coaches. It was Luis Longorio. He waved a signal to the conductor, then swung aboard the north-bound train.

The general was all smiles as he came down the aisle, and bowed low over Alaire's hand.

Dolores gasped and stiffened in her seat like a woman of stone.

"Heaven be praised! You are safe and well!" said the newcomer. "I have blamed myself for allowing you to take this abominable journey! I have been in torment lest something befall you. Every night I have prayed that you might be spared all harm. When I received word that you were coming, I made all speed to meet you."

"Dolores and I are greatly in your debt," Alaire told him.

"But you stayed so long!"

"There was more work than I thought. General, you have ruined me."

Longorio was pained; his face became ineffably sad. "Please! I beg of you," he entreated. "I have arranged for reparation of that miserable mistake. I shall see that you receive justice. If the government will not pay, I will. All I possess would be too little to buy your happiness."

"You embarrass me, I'm afraid you don't realize what you say," Alaire remained cool under the man's protestations. "I have lost more than a thousand head of cattle."

"We shall say two, three thousand, and the government will pay," Longorio asserted brazenly. "I will vouch for your figures, and no one will question them, for I am a man of honor."

"No! All I want—"

"It is done. Let us say no more about the affair. Senora, I have thought of you every hour; the duties that held me in Nuevo Pueblo were like irksome chains. I was in madness. I would have flown to La Feria, but—I could not."

"My husband will thank you for your great courtesy to me," Alaire managed to say.

But the mention of husbands was not agreeable to one of Longorio's sensitiveness, and his face betrayed a hint of impatience.

"Yes, yes," he agreed carelessly. "Senor Austin and I must know each other better and become friends."

"That is hardly possible at present. When the war is over—"

"Bah! This war is nothing. I go where I please. You would be surprised to greet me at Las Palmas some day."

"You can never know what these two days have been to me," the general said.

day soon, eh? When you tell your husband what a friend I am, he would be glad to see me, would he not?"

"Why—of course. But surely you wouldn't dare—"

"And why not? I have made inquiries, and they tell me Las Palmas is beautiful, heavenly, and that you are the one who transformed it. I believe them. You have the power to transform all things, even a man's heart and soul. No wonder you are called 'The Lone Star.' But wait. You will see how constantly I think of you."

Longorio drew from his pocket several photographs of the Austin ranchhouse.

"Where did you get those?" Alaire asked in astonishment.

"Ah! My secret. See! They are badly worn already, for I keep them next to my bosom."

"We entertain very few guests at Las Palmas," she murmured, uncomfortably.

"I know. I know a great deal."

"It would scarcely be safe for you to call; the country is full of Cauderistas—"

"Cattle!" said the officer, with a careless shrug. "Did not that great poet Byron swim across an ocean to see a lovely lady? Well, I, too, am a poet. I have beautiful fancies—songs of love run through my mind. Those Englishmen know nothing of passion. Your American men are cold. Only a Mexican can love. We have fire in our veins, senora."

To these perverted protestations Dolores listened with growing fright; her eyes were wide, and they were fixed hypnotically upon the speaker; she presented much the appearance of a rabbit charmed by a serpent. But to Longorio she did not exist; she was a chattel, a servant, and therefore devoid of soul or intelligence, or use beyond that of serving her mistress.

Thinking to put an end to these blandishments, Alaire undertook to return the general's ring, with the pretense that she considered it no more than a talisman loaned her for the time being. But it was a task to make Longorio accept it. He was shocked, offended, hurt; he declared the ring to be of no value; it was no more than a trifling evidence of his esteem. But Alaire was firm.

It was an odd, unreal ride, through the blazing heat of the long afternoon. Longorio cast off all pretense and openly laid siege to the red-haired woman's heart—all without offering her the smallest chance to rebuff him, the slightest ground for open resentment, so respectful and guarded were his advances. When the train arrived at its destination, his victim was well-nigh exhausted from the struggle. After a good night's rest, however, she was able to smile at yesterday's adventure. Longorio did not bulk so large now; even these few hours had greatly diminished his importance, so that he appeared merely as an impulsive foreigner who had allowed a woman to turn his head.

Once back across the river she discovered that there were obstacles to a prompt adjustment of her claim. The red tape of her own government was as nothing to that of Mexico. There were a thousand formalities, a myriad of maddening details to be observed, and they called for the services of an advocate, a notary, a jefe politico, a jefe de armas—officials without end. All of these worthies were patient and polite, but they displayed a malarial indifference to delay, and responsibility seemed to rest nowhere. During the day Alaire became bewildered, almost lost in the mazes of official procedure, and was half minded to telegraph to Judge Ellsworth.

Longorio by no means shared her disappointment. On the contrary, he assured her they were making splendid progress, and he was delighted with her grasp of detail and her knowledge of business essentials. At his word all Nuevo Pueblo bowed and scraped to her; he arranged for her an elaborate luncheon in his quarters. "You can never know what these two days have been for me," the general said as he and Alaire lingered over their meal. "They will afford me something to think about all my life. It is a delicious comfort to know that you trust me, that you do not dislike me. And you do not dislike me, eh?"

"Why, of course not. I have a great deal for which to thank you."

General Longorio fingered his wine-glass and stared into it. "I am not like other men. I am a man of iron—yes, an invincible soldier—yet I have a heart, and a woman could rule me."

"You say you have a heart," Alaire studied her vis-a-vis curiously as he met her eyes with his mournful gaze. "How is it that I hear such strange stories about you, general?"

"Lies, all of them!" Longorio asserted.

"For instance, they tell me that you shoot your prisoners?"

"Of course!" Then, at her shocked exclamation, he explained: "It is a necessity of war. Listen, senora! We have twelve million Indians in Mexico, and a few selfish men who incite them to revolt. To permit the lower classes to rise would result in chaos, black anarchy, indescribable outrages against life and property. There is but one way to pacify such people—exterminate them! Mexico is a civilized nation; there is no greater in the world; but she must be ruled with an iron hand. We shall drive all the traitors into the sea, and Mexico shall have peace. But I am not a bloodthirsty man. No, I am a poet and a lover at heart. As great a patriot as I am, I could be faithful to my country for one smile from the woman I adore."

Alaire did not color under the ardent glance that went with this declaration. She deliberately changed the subject.

"This morning while we were in the

office of the jefe de armas," she said, "I saw a poor woman with a baby—she was scarcely more than a child herself—whose husband is in prison. Every day she comes to plead with the jefe de armas for her husband's life. But he will not see her, and the soldiers only laugh at her tears."

"A common story! These women and their babies are very annoying," observed the general.

"She says that her husband is to be shot."

"Very likely! Our prisons are full. Doubtless he is a bad man."

"Can't you do something?"

"Eh?" Longorio lifted his brows in the frankest inquiry.

"That poor girl with her little, bare, brown-eyed baby was pitiful. Alaire leaned forward with an earnest appeal in her face, and her host smiled.

"So? That is how it is, eh? What is her name?"

"Inez Garcia. The husband's name is Juan."

"Of course. These pelindors are all Juans. You would like to appear as an angel of mercy, eh? Your heart is touched?"

"Deeply."

"Bastante! There is no more to be said." Longorio rose and went into the next room, where were certain members of his staff. After a time he returned with a paper in his hand, and this he laid before Alaire. It was an

order for the release of Juan Garcia.

"The salvo conducto which will permit Juan and his Inez and their Juanito to return to their farm is being made out," he explained. "Are you satisfied?"

Alaire looked up wonderingly. "I am deeply grateful. You overwhelm me. You are—a strange man."

"Dear lady, I live to serve you. Your wish is my law. How can I prove it further?"

The strained, throbbing silence that followed Longorio's last words did more to frighten the woman than had his most ardent advances. He would have lingered indefinitely over the table, but Alaire soon rose to go, explaining:

"I must finish my disagreeable task now, so that I can go home tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" her host cried in dismay. "No, no! You must wait—"

"My husband is expecting me."

This statement was a blow; it seemed to crush Longorio, who could only look his keen distress.

As they stepped out into the street, in the gutter stood Inez Garcia with her baby in her arms, and beside her the ragged figure of a young man, evidently her Juan. The fellow was emaciated, his face was gaunt and worn and frightened, his feet were bare even of sandals, the huge peaked straw hat which he clutched over his breast was tattered, and yet in his eyes there was a light.

They had waited patiently, these Garcias, heedful of Longorio's orders, and now they burst into a torrent of thanks. They flung themselves to their knees and kissed the edge of Alaire's dress. General Longorio enjoyed this scene tremendously, and his beaming eyes expressed the hope that Alaire was fully satisfied with the moment.

"They look very poor," said Alaire, and opened her purse; but Longorio would not permit her to give. Extracting a large roll of paper money from his own pocket, he tossed it, without counting, to Juan, and then when the onlookers applauded, he loudly called to one of his officers, saying:

"Olga! Give these good friends of mine two horses, and see that they are well cared for. Now, Juan," he addressed the dazed countryman, "I have one order for you: Every night of your life you and your pretty wife must say a prayer for the safety and happiness of this beautiful lady who has induced me to spare you. Do you promise?"

"We promise!" eagerly cried the pair.

"Good! See that you keep your word. On the day that you forget for the first time Luis Longorio will come to see you. And then what!" He scowled at them fiercely.

"We will not forget," the Garcias chorused.

The next installment covers further exciting and extremely distasteful advances on the part of General Longorio. Alaire begins to fear the Mexican.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)  
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### LESSON FOR JUNE 10

#### JESUS CRUCIFIED.

LESSON TEXT.—John 19:16-22, 25-30.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ died for our sins.—1 Cor. 15:3.

We are compelled to omit a consideration of that dark, despicable trial in Pilate's judgment hall. Pilate's weakness subservience to custom and the cry of the politician is one of the blackest pages in history. His scourging of the man whom he, himself, declared innocent, is practically without parallel. After the mocking and the scourging, Pilate said unto the people, Behold the man" (v. 5), and later in sarcasm he said to the same people, "Behold your king" (v. 14). Teachers should emphasize at the beginning and all through this lesson that Jesus suffered and died for the sins of all men, ours as well as those of his own day.

1. The Crucifixion of Jesus (vv. 16-22). It was about nine o'clock in the morning when Pilate gave his infamous order that Jesus should be crucified. It was indeed a sorrowful procession which moved itself along the "Via Dolorosa" (the Sorrowful Way), consisting of the Roman soldiers, the tottering, physically exhausted man of Galilee, and, Luke adds, "sorrowing women." They took him to the place of a skull, a hill about sixty feet high, at the foot of which was the rock-hewn sepulcher in which his body was later laid. The place was called in Hebrew "Golgotha," the Aramaic for skull. Calvary is the Latin for the same. On either side of him were crucified the robbers, which was an evident effort to add to his shame as well as a salutary warning to the Passover pilgrims. Over the cross Pilate wrote a title on a wooden tablet. Following the usual custom, this was nailed at the head of Jesus, setting forth his crime. The words it bore were, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," as though Pilate would take malicious revenge upon the mob which had made him perform a deed he had sought to avoid. Literally this sign meant "This man is the kingliest of all Jews, and see what they have done to him." In response to Pilate's questioning, Jesus said, "I am the King of the Jews." Pilate knew that he was innocent, and sought to let him go free, but, rather than incur the hatred of the Jewish authorities, he yielded to their demand for his blood, and became a party to the murder of the Son of God. Men today take a part in his crucifixion rather than surrender wholly to him, and pay the price of open confession. "They crucified him." How these words laid the pride of men in the dust. Human nature is the same today as it was two thousand years ago when the world's bitterest hate was wreaked not upon a bad man but upon the best man, the perfect man, the God-man. The pain-Jesus suffered on Calvary was no imagination. He suffered it all for us (Isa. 53:6), but the physical suffering was not the most severe agony he bore (Ps. 69:20; Matt. 27:46). The crucifixion of Jesus was part of the eternal purposes of God's love and redemption.

2. The World's Darkest Hour (vv. 23-30). Each of the Gospel writers refers to the part the soldiers took in casting lots for his garments. They were unconsciously fulfilling the prophecy of Psalm 22:18, and it was from their number that one of the supreme testimonies to the character of Christ came (See Matt. 27:34). The first three evangelists tell us of the throng of pilgrims who passed along the highway from the north, close at hand, and who wagged their heads in imitation and mockery of the agony of the one who was being crucified. But there were others who were spectators of this event, a group of Christ lovers (v. 25).

"It is finished." These are remarkable words. He had finished his suffering; he had finished that for which he came into the world when he began his ministry; he had finished the mission for which his father had sent him into the world; he had finished and fulfilled the prophecies concerning his suffering and death; he had completed the work of the redemption; the atonement was finished, and Satan's power was finished; the Mosaic law was finished as far as its claims upon the believer were concerned (Rom. 10:4; Col. 2:13; Eph. 2:15 and 16). Outwardly it seemed to be Satan's supreme hour. It was the world's darkest hour.

The seven last words. These would be an interesting study for any class. (1) "Father forgive them for they know not what they do;" (2) "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise;" (3) "Woman, behold thy son;" (4) "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (5) "I thirst;" (6) "It is finished;" (7) "Father into thy hands I commit my spirit." Christ had power to lay down his life. He had power to take it up again, but he laid it down, submitting to a burial in the tomb. At that moment note the effect upon the malefactor, upon the centurion, upon the elements of cloud and sky, upon the veil of the temple, upon the people and upon his friends. What is the effect of this story upon yourself, teachers, and upon those who are listening to your instruction?

## LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it falls out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

### Just Reversed.

Doctor—Did he take the medicine I prescribed for him religiously?  
Nurse—No, sir; he swore every time.

### Tetterine Cures Itching Piles Quickly.

"One application of Tetterine cured me of a case of Itching Piles I had for five years."

Bayard Benton, Walterboro, S. C. Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ground Itch, Ring Worm, Infants' Sore Head, Pimples, Itching Piles, Rough Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Cankerred Scalp, Corns, Chilblains, and every form of Scaly and Skin Disease. Tetterine 60c. Tetterine Soap 35c. At druggists, or by mail direct from The Shuprine Co., Savannah, Ga. With every mail order of Tetterine we give a box of Shuprine's 10c Liver Pills free. Adv.

### A Real Patriot.

"You ought to be proud of your boy."

"We are. He volunteered to serve his country without insisting on being enlisted as an officer."

### Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood, and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

### Much Too Much.

We eat too much. We heat too much. We try too much to heat too much. We growl too much. We scowl too much. We play the midnight owl too much.

We ape too much. We gape too much, and dally with red tape too much. We treat too much, and cheat too much, and fear to face defeat too much.

We buy too much. We lie too much, and snivel and deny too much. We save too much, and shave too much, with one foot in the grave too much.

We sit too much. We spit too much, wear shoes too tight to fit too much. We mess too much and dress too much; in sixteen suits or less too much.

We spite too much. We fight too much and seek the great white light too much. We read too much. We speed too much, hit dope and use the weed too much. We drink too much. We drink too much. I think we even think too much.—Oscar Schleif, in Health Culture.

### Certainly Not.

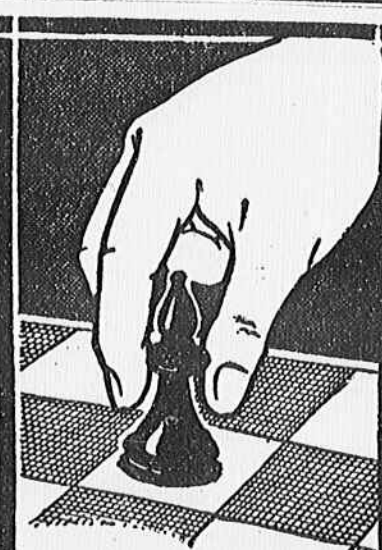
"Gee, but she's a fine-looking widow."

"Of course! And if I were a widow you wouldn't see me."

### Feminine Candor.

Husband—That skirt would shock a modest!

Wife—It is a bit long.



## A Wise Move

is to change from  
coffee to

## POSTUM

before the harm  
is done.

"There's a Reason"